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TWO YEARS IN TUFTON STREET

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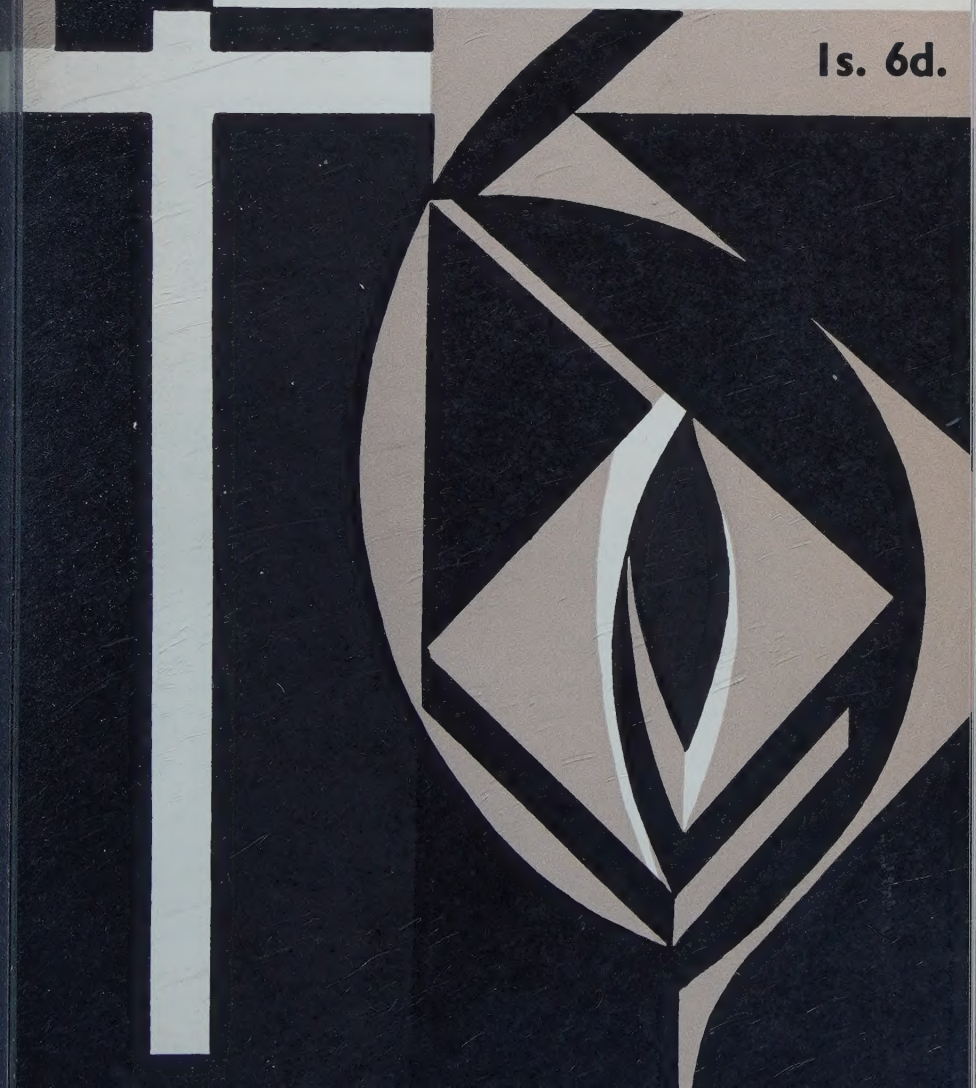

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Two Years in Tufton Street

Nicholas Mosley

Two years ago when *Prism* expanded with a number entitled "What's wrong with the Church?" a correspondent wrote, "One may as well ask, 'What's wrong with *Prism*?' " He told us. We were trying to do two incompatible things: we were talking inwards critically to members of the Church, and hoping that this would have effect outwardly upon a few of the uncommitted millions.

Other correspondents put it more bleakly. All this talk of the faults of church people had been heard before, they complained. It might be true, but it was rude and unnecessary. What was needed was more understanding of the Church's eternal significance; and more effort to present this to an unbelieving age.

This argument has continued. Protagonists have come and gone; attacked under different headings; even appeared at times to have changed sides. *Prism's* editorial attitude has usually returned to its first position. It's no use preaching eternal significance, we have said, if this significance is not demonstrated temporally: what impresses an unbelieving age is not words but the evidence of persons. If we want to bring Christianity to the uncommitted millions, the only way to do this is by being more committed ourselves.

This has been an uneasy policy. A magazine involved in criticising a body of which it is part is always itself open to criticisms of unpleasantness. I am now leaving the editorship of *Prism;* and there is a chance to look back at what has been attempted, and what learned.

The people who told us two years ago that we did not understand the significance of the eternal Church—the proper function of it as well as its immutable wonder—were probably right. The Church is the body within which the true faith is guarded and taught, and the life of worship and the sacraments provided. The Church is the extension of the Incarnation—and all other functions are secondary. So long as the Sacramental Life is going on then the work of the Church in the world is going on: and it is there for anyone to take part in.

Another thing we might have understood better when we first came to Tufton Street with our bundles of magazines with their faintly rude covers of church dignitaries was that a lot of the practical work of the Church—the day-to-day organisation of it—demands exhaustive and painstaking qualities which someone has to have, and who should have them better than church dignitaries? One of the futilities of attacking the "establishment" (in the

popular and non-ecclesiastical sense) is in the realisation that it is better that the practical affairs of the world should be ordered by dignitaries, rather than by whoever are their opposites. (To taste the worth of the English "establishment" it is only necessary to have experience of countries where administrative power is not hidebound by convention: chaos has a different quality of evil). This realisation also comes as soon as one is in any position of responsibility oneself. To become a member of a P.C.C., for instance, is suddenly to find oneself with an appalled admiration for members of the Church Assembly. The whole routine of committees, debate, church politics, etc., seems so disheartening, that one knows that one is not capable of doing much of it oneself and is only grateful that there are people who are. The only alternative is to maintain that P.C.C.'s and Church Assembly should be done away with. One can maintain this in theory, but not in practice. It is like saying "It mightn't be a bad thing if the world blew up"; this may be a sensible statement only so long as one is doing nothing to implement it—in fact is doing the opposite.

Prism, then, has learned however odd appearances may be, the essential work of the Church is separate from appearances; and that some appearances may be more necessary and even more cheerful than they seem.

But what, if anything, might anyone have learned from *Prism*?

It is the matter of the effect of the Church in the world that *Prism* has always stuck to its guns; in the matter of relationships, of witnessing, of spreading the Gospel.

We all know (and not least the critics of *Prism*) that the Church does not exist only to organise itself and to worship within itself. It exists to bring light into darkness.

Thus there is all the talk about taking the Gospel into factories, improving relations between races and classes, maintaining Christian influences in schools and universities. All these efforts are vital not only for the world, but for the healthy functioning of the Church.

But there are two ways of attempting to do these things. One is to form committees, join pressure-groups, preach sermons, write pamplets, lobby influential persons, arrange that representatives from official organisations shall attend official functions. A great deal is talked, written, and done, about all this. Many of the jobs are for specialists, and often are done very well. Also many of the less spectacular members of committees spend a great deal of valuable time on them. But these sort of efforts are not able to be undertaken by everyone, and they seldom involve the whole personality.

The other way to do these things is to make personal friends with factory workers, mix informally with people of different races in defiance of conventions, learn and practise oneself some sort of Christian education of the people and especially the young around

one. This way can be done by literally everyone, and can be done in a great deal of one's time. But, it seems, not nearly so much is talked and written about it, and not nearly so much is done.

The reason for this is probably that it is more difficult, and costly, involving as it does the whole personality. But for these very reasons it is also more effective. It is by this sort of way (the costing of the whole personality) that we, as Christians, are told that things are truly done.

It also seems that the particular emphasis nowadays on the first way—the way of committees—can often be an excuse, or a makeshift, for not undertaking things by the second way. Too much talk, for instance, about "bringing Christianity into industry" as if it were a technical matter rather like getting a grand piano upstairs, can have an actually harmful effect upon the real business of spreading the gospel which, as always, is dependent upon certain persons undertaking certain acts of love at a certain cost to themselves. If this is not explained, then the matter of practical organisation can in fact cause a Christian "front" to be presented to the world which is likely to hinder the world becoming Christian.

This is because, *Prism* has believed, there is one main objection that the world has to Christianity, and that is, that Christians do not themselves appear to be Christians. To the world we most of us seem hypocrites. We talk about love; we do not seem to practise love. This is the one reason why those who should accept us will not accept us.

Why is it that the world thinks us hypocrites?

Prism has spoken often enough about these things. It is only necessary to summarise them here.

Christianity is the religion of the humble, and we do not appear to be humble. The Church has got mixed up with prestige and snobbishness and temporal power.

Christianity is the religion of poverty, and although nowadays the Church is often poor through force of circumstances, it spends a large amount of energy in complaining about this and in trying to become richer.

Christianity is the religion of the family, and yet for years we have assumed we have nothing more to learn about the family and have become set in habits which are sometimes not only ignorant but harmful. The business about discovering more about true family relationships has been left to those hostile to religion, with the result that a whole psychological jargon has sprung up which does not talk of love but only of certain manifestations of it (perhaps only Christians in this context can sensibly talk of love), but which is properly taken with the utmost seriousness since it is the only serious work being done on the subject. Many Christians are still suspicious of it, while refusing to make their own enquiries and to form their own correct language.

Christianity is the religion of truth—of the harmony of God's creation and of man's ability to order it. Yet Christians are often distrustful of scientific enquiry. They seem to fear that if one looks too closely into God's creation, then one will find something destructive of God. It is true that one will discover greater powers and responsibilities; and that if these responsibilities are not faced, they might be destructive of man. But this might be the result of their being scorned by so many Christians. The right people to understand and order creation are the people who understand and are ordered by God.

It was said earlier that these were the things that stopped people who *should* be Christians from being Christians. This is because a peculiar state seems still to be prevalent in which people who believe in the equality of all men before God, who live in the defiance of the worship of money, who care passionately about the right upbringing of their children and who have a wonder and infinite respect for the intricacies of creation—all these people, who can naturally be called religious, often find it difficult at the moment to be Christians: while those who have inherent respect for class distinctions, who feel the necessity for a rising income, who find it difficult to make contact with their children and prefer not to enquire closely into the nature of anything around them—these people, all too often, find in the Church a home comfortably to their liking. These two facts are interrelated: the reason why the former people are not at home is because the latter so very clearly are: and this, surely, is the reverse of what it should be.

It is true that Christians, and the Church, will always be hated and scorned by some people: it is entirely right that it should give a certain offence and suffer for it. But at the moment we are giving offence in the wrong direction—in the one which is easiest for us and where we do not suffer. This alone should be a proof that many of us should turn. Though there are many signs recently that more are doing so—and even amongst the highest dignitaries!

This, then, is what *Prism* has been saying for two years, and why it has been saying it. We have thought that the first step in Christians having a renewed impact on the world is to have a good look at themselves. So we have been trying to present ideas, and to discuss them, in a way that will make church people think about them not just within the terms of their own habitual view, but from a wider angle that might make this view more clear. At first we were directly critical of church affairs: recently, we have been trying to concentrate on the wider issues themselves, hoping that just by considering them in Christian terms our criticism would be constructive. To those who have complained that we have not helped them much with the fundamental things—with faith, hope, charity—we apologize, but we do not think a magazine can be a substitute for living and loving. The best a magazine can usually

do about this is to bring such ideas to people's minds as will enable them to make their own efforts and decisions.

But having said all this—that there is really nothing to do except that we should all try to be better Christians—then there seems really nothing to do for the editor mainly responsible for saying this, either, except that he should pack up, in the hope that he might have got away with it for two years, but certainly won't for ever. The editorship will be carried on by Robin Denniston and Christopher Martin.

I should like to thank all the people who have liked *Prism* and who have supported it, and also all those who have disliked it and have been tolerant of it. This tolerance itself shows something of the more fundamental things about the Church that I mentioned at the beginning of this article. Perhaps the most striking thing about *Prism* (and about both the things it has criticised and the people who have criticised it) is that this priority of importance could always be assumed.

Christian Sociology and the New Left

John T. Mead

I have recently been re-reading the Archbishop of York's essay *Faith and Society**, in which he examines the quiescent state of Christian "sociology". He attributes this largely to the combination of two factors : on the one hand the security and material provisions of the Welfare State appear to have robbed the Christian sociologist of his occupation ; on the other hand, the insecurity of a world threatened by nuclear warfare has made his work seem irrelevant. The result has been to drive the Christian into a somewhat exclusive emphasis upon the other-worldly aspects of religion, to the neglect of sociology.

Most of us would, I think, largely assent to this diagnosis. Certainly, in my own experience, this atmosphere of Christian quietism is widespread, and I do not think this is merely because most of the people I meet work in the public services.

* In *Durham Essays and Addresses*—Mowbrays.

Yet, widespread as it is, there are signs of a renewed Christian sociology ; and Dr. Ramsey's diagnosis is thus particularly interesting in the context of a recent movement emanating from the left-wing, which found expression some months ago in a collection of essays by young Socialists, entitled *Conviction*. Three contributions are especially interesting and relevant, those of Iris Murdoch, Raymond Williams and Richard Hoggart. It is worth comparing Dr. Ramsey's opening :

> "Christian 'sociology' in this country is noticeably under the weather."

with Miss Murdoch's :

> "The Socialist movement in this country is suffering from a loss of energy".

I should make it clear that I am not writing as a Socialist, and that this article is not intended as a comprehensive review of *Conviction*. Apart from the fact that several of the contributors put forward a brand of Socialism which seems to me pointless and archaic, the very Socialism is irrelevant to the theme I want to discuss. What that theme is I can best illustrate by outlining the social problems with which these three writers are concerned. It is perhaps one problem —and that is the increasing barbarism of our industrial and largely centralised society. All sorts of instances of this dehumanising culture can be given, and are given by these writers. Miss Murdoch speaks of our loss of community, of the work that is robbed of its skill and significance, of our "half-baked amusements", and of the rootlessness which affects both the labouring and managerial classes. Mr. Williams asks for a genuine and spontaneous culture, springing from ordinary people, in place of that which is spurious and mass-produced by an élite. Mr. Hoggart describes (though in less grisly detail than in *The Uses of Literacy*) the demoralisation of our cultural life, and looks for salvation to an emerging sense of classlessness.

Such a brief catalogue cannot of course do justice to the range and insight of this movement. And the word "culture" may be a particular stumbling block. Perhaps it is a weak word ; but it is certainly not a weak concept, in the sense in which these writers use it ; for by it they mean nothing less than the quality of our civilisation. Crime and neurosis, strikes and take-over bids, the difference between a teacher's and an advertising copy-writer's salaries—all these are manifestations, and very characteristic ones, of our culture. It is true only in one sense that we never had it so good. Man does not live by bread alone. If you doubt the importance of culture, get to know a delinquent boy. We speak of the security of the Welfare State ; ask any neurotic if he has got it.

This movement, it is obvious, stands in very sharp contrast to the sort of Christian quietism described by Dr. Ramsey. The interest of

these writers lies first in their exposure of the spiritual poverty and unreal security of the Welfare State, and secondly in their commitment to the world, as manifest in our contemporary society. They subject it to a searching critique, but they think it worth loving and bothering about, and they refuse to despair of it, or to be distracted by the danger of nuclear warfare.

In all this, I believe they have something to teach those Christians who are so absorbed by eschatology that they turn their backs on the "this-worldly" tasks of the Christian. It is true that the problems they discuss are in a sense religious ones, though they might themselves not use this term. But we are not entitled to say: "We told you so; this is simply the result of irreligion". For the distinctive service of these writers is to remind us that our difficulties are sociological as well as spiritual. Or rather, it is to remind us that a religion which does not take due account of social institutions will fail to secure those very "spiritual" qualities in society, and in individuals, which it most greatly prizes.

Despite all this, these writers have about them the inevitable taint of the Enlightenment: the unspoken assumption that our culture, our institutions, our world, are ours to mould as we will, in accordance with reason and by means of sociological techniques; and that all that stands in the way is the Establishment, that extraordinary bogey; there is no recognition that, as Schweitzer says:

> "the future of a society depends not on how near its organisation is to perfection, but upon the degrees of worthiness of its individual members".

In this, of course, they deny the essential Christian truth in quietism. Essential it obviously is; but it is not the whole of the matter.

If one now turns to an examination of the genesis of contemporary quietism, at least two factors can be identified. First, the fact of our social evils, as I have suggested, is by no means obvious. It is very easy to imagine that the Welfare State has solved practically all our problems. People on the whole, apart from some notable exceptions, are no longer ill-fed, ill-housed, unemployed, or without proper medical attention. These are the evils of the past. But whereas both the cause and the remedy of physical hunger are quite obvious, the evils with which we are now confronted are much more subtle. This is a most significant aspect of our difficulties. A starving man knows why he suffers and what will relieve him. A neurotic cannot account for his neurosis; nor can a worker always understand why he goes on strike; nor a delinquent boy explain his aggressive behaviour. As Iris Murdoch says, we now have a proletariat which "increasingly lacks any concept of itself as deprived". Again, it is not enough for Christians to say, "This is the result of irreligion", and to leave it at that, without any attempt to

understand or gain insight into the genesis of our spiritual poverty. Such insight requires hard work both for the head and the heart; and it is the work which in practice the quietist is too ready to leave to the non-Christian sociologist or psychologist.

Take for instance the problem of work in an industrial society. Many Christians, I believe, accept far too easily the dehumanising work to which enormous numbers of people are condemned. They uncritically regard it as the necessary price of a high "standard of living"; to which almost any human value may rightly be sacrificed. They subscribe too easily to the Henry Ford thesis that the worker doesn't *want* demands to be made on his skill or initiative. We need very badly a Christian re-appraisal of the benefits and costs of industrial techniques.

Often the quietist is as aware as anyone else of the evils of the affluent industrial society. What marks him out is his belief that the solution lies wholly in "spiritual" action. To him, the conditions of industrial society are as far beyond human control as the laws of nature. The best we can do, in the face of these ineluctable imperfections, is to try and live Christian lives *in the midst* of whatever our circumstances may be. This means saying one's prayers, fulfilling one's Christian devotions, acting in charity to one's neighbours, and leaving the rest to God. The natural order (he goes on) is after all something very transitory and inessential; it passes away; indeed at times it seems to be rushing down a steep place into the sea. But it is not something to bother about very much. Our eyes must be fixed on eternity.

The danger of this attitude is that it may lead to an extreme devaluation of nature and matter. This is particularly likely in a time of great "material" affluence. It is possible so to neglect our spiritual dependence on matter that we think of it as no concern what use of matter we make—that may be left to the economists and the business men.

That matter is needed to nourish the spirit is the root of Christian sociology. The way we use our bodies in work, our relationship to nature, the degree and quality of fellowship that our institutions permit, the sights and sounds that are broadcast throughout our society, all these can be life-giving to the spirit—or they can be deadly. The need to use matter in a sane and beneficial way should be one of our foremost concerns. We might even remember that *material* has the same root as *mater*.

So it comes about that what *in practice* the quietist does is to acquiesce in the continuance of social conditions such that people can lead Christian lives only by the exercise of heroic virtue. From all one hears, very many young people today live under such conditions, and it is not enough simply to exhort them to heroism. One cannot, after all, suppose that the Church is only concerned with individual piety. For that itself is incomplete unless it includes an attempt to understand and love, and so to redeem, the

natural order—not merely for the sake of order, but because the natural order itself must be a means of grace.

What is needed, therefore is not only the—perfectly valid—call of the quietist to fulfil one's individual Christian duty, but also the recovery of what Dr. Ramsey calls "the power to speak about what society ought to be like". It is this that we have lost. There must not only be a Christian view of what the "good life" should be in an industrial society, but equally a corresponding critique of our present way of life. Such a view, and such a critique, are what the *New Left* group of writers are trying to achieve, and for this they deserve our respect; though one of course feels, as a Christian, that their agnosticism must limit and distort their insight. In particular, as I have indicated, they are liable to exaggerate man's powers and to ignore the perpetual need for a change in men's hearts. But for that very reason we must meet them, learn from them, and argue with them. Then we may be granted Christians who can exercise the special insight and rôle in sociology which Dr. Ramsey assigns to them; in his own words, not to say, "If only you were Christians, you would grasp this", but rather: "This is what is just for us men in the nature of things to do".

Finally, we can hardly suppose that our present ills, because they are more subtle than those of the past, are therefore less grave. In the chapter from which I have already quoted, Albert Schweitzer remarks on:

> "the tragic alliance between society as a whole and its economic conditions. With a grim relentlessness those conditions tend to bring up the man of today as a being without freedom, without self-collectedness, without independence, in short a human being so full of deficiences that he lacks the qualities of humanity."

Stations of the Cross

JESUS

THE SPECTATOR

See Christ, See King, Messiah, cannot carry
The wood's half hundredweight, a strengthless thing,
What milk child are you calling Israel's King?

God's David danced, they lifted up the Ark,
Those priests on poles, and David leapt up high,
Dancing before them into Salem City,
He was a King to please the people's eye,
Not this poor creature limps in trailing by.

THE POET

I am afraid to follow in the dark,
Jesus, too frightened now to show you pity.

THE SPECTATOR

We stop, why stop? Death's road is open here.
Messiah's fallen has he?

THE POET

Jacob fell
Under the weight of God in Penuel,

THE SPECTATOR

Much blessing has this Jacob. Does he fear?

A woman wipes his face. Some woman would.

THE POET

I do not often stop to do you good,
No gentleness of mine brings this relief.
Her cloth is sticky with your sweat and blood,
Your pain fast printed in a handkerchief . . .

I do not take the dye of such a grief.

THE SPECTATOR

Now Christ your back is straight against the wood,

THE POET

Like a great king's upon his crowning throne
And for stiff silk your nakedness and blood
Proclaims a richer Lord than Solomon.

Why for your land and conquest must you bear
So sharp a crowning, nail and thorn and spear,
O die, my king, pain ends when men are dead.
Kings are no more than men when all is said.

Solomon's name was peace. Our Peace is here. VALERIE PITT.

Saints, Sanctity and Anglicanism

William Bush

Official recognition of holiness of life has become pressing enough upon the Anglican conscience to attract the attention of the Lambeth Conference. Thus a discussion of this issue which has aroused official investigation would not appear to be out of order so long as such a discussion be directed at the Christian conscience of all Anglicans, regardless of their school of thought. More especially does a discussion seem valid if the treatment tries to go beyond the limits of the Roman Catholic Church—which, whether we will or no, instinctively comes to our minds when we talk of saints. In order to arrive at a fuller participation in the mystery of God we must pass beyond the known. Hence, it seems important to remember that the Spirit of God always leads us by unawaited ways to a more intimate participation with Himself; and it is only in submitting to Him, to his Life in us, that we can, on this question of saints, pass beyond the known externals of the Roman Church which are familiar to most of us.

Almost all Anglicans will agree that holiness of life results only from a costly effort to be heroic and godly; that the person who succeeds in this deserves our respect, our reverent reflexion on the anniversary of his death, and perhaps even a memorial erected in his honour where the worshipper may be recalled to this spiritual greatness. But here most of us will stop short. Why?

If we analyse this sort of "recognition of the saints", we shall see that it is in no way superior to that respect given by any nation to its great. We seem united on sanctity as long as sanctity does not go beyond heroism. Is it then our perennial tendency to be Pelagian, to cut out the supernatural from our thought? For, if human heroism be all we look for in the saint, we might say that no spiritual good can come to Anglicanism by organising such official recognition of holiness of life: such recognition will merely be a condescension to pull up a holy person to the level of a national hero. Spiritual good, we should remember, must be rooted in God: in the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in which we, as Christians, profess belief.

A false notion of the very nature of holiness seems at the basis of many of the well-meaning but rather questionable efforts being made to "recognise the saints" in the Anglican Church. Admirable human heroism is, if I dare be so bold to say so, the most unimportant element in sanctity. "Thou only art holy" we profess in our

Eucharistic praise; and true sanctity must be the actual Divine Life of the Triune God in us. Therefore we must approach the saint looking for God in him, not for the merely admirable human heroism of the saint himself. The Orthodox Christians whose highly developed cultus of the saints may eventually aid us to overcome our anti-Roman prejudices on this subject, put it well by saying that the saints are windows of heaven through which we see God.

Although all baptised Christians are born into the Divine Life of the Triune God and hence, *most surely*, are partakers of, and participants in, sanctity, the really important thing is that this Life has lived to a more visible extent in the "saint". We guard ourselves from saying that this Life has lived to a "greater" extent, for we would thereby encroach upon the divine prerogative of giving a penny to those who have worked one hour only. But we do have to deal with the visible as well as the invisible: hence, we feel it necessary to say that the Divine Life is more visibly present in the person generally called "a saint". And we do have the evangelical precept that "by their fruits ye shall know them". The spiritual fruits of a saint's life show us that his participation in the Divine Life of the Triune God has been made to such an extent that it is no longer he, but Christ, who lives in him.

A problem follows regarding the Life of Christ in a holy person: does or doesn't Christ work beyond normal, day by day circumstances? Surely He Himself did go beyond them from the time of His birth until His Resurrection. Yet He was not primarily a wonder-worker. He was a good man and He did good things. But with this goodness there were certainly uncanny manifestations of supernatural power. (It was, I believe, Simone Weil who so wisely observed that miracles do not go beyond natural law: they merely prove to us that we do not know what natural law is).

Is there a difference then between the miracles of Christ and those of any miracle-worker—granting that the reader believes that there are miracle-workers? I would believe that miracles may be divided between those of good—and hence of God—and of evil—and hence of Satan, God's creature who revolted and ever stands ready to deceive by his mimicry of God. The desirability of the miracles of an individual miracle-worker will depend upon the extent to which he works for his own glory or the glory of his Creator.

For the saint, supernatural manifestations are rather bothersome since the outsider is tempted to regard them apart from the interior disposition which made them possible. This is well illustrated in the story of St. Seraphim to whom a sick lad came for healing. The holy man began to pray after making the boy lie down and instructing him not to look around. However, the boy did look around and saw the saint suspended in mid-air. St. Seraphim reproached him and said that now alas! he would think that old Seraphim was a saint—but God would forgive him for it!

Truly godly miracles are not done for themselves alone but, in the order of charity, are done for the glory of God. Yet we must beware of the attitude of many well-meaning people who try to dismiss certain humble miracles by the judgement of "God does not work that way". This might well prove a presumptive judgement since—to be familiar—"getting Himself born in a stable" shows us that the Creator's ways are not our own. It is the fruits of this stable-birth which attest to its divine origin.

Not only did Christ work miracles himself from his birth to his Resurrection, He continued after His Resurrection until His Ascension and promised that His followers would do even greater things. It is reasonable to believe in the miracles of the early saints recorded in the Scriptures. It was furthermore taken for granted that there were those in the New Testament church who could work miracles and who did work them. Moreover, we must remind ourselves as Anglicans that both in the East and in the West there exists the unbroken tradition that holy people do have power to work miracles. To ignore this historical fact is to cut ourselves off completely from both eastern and western Christian traditions. If thus far however the reader agrees that holiness is the Life of God and that this Life is full of wonderful things, commonly called "miracles", we have at least laid a foundation for the next and most controversial part of our discussion of sanctity : that of what happens after a holy person dies.

Before death we people of Anglo-Saxon formation tend to stand abashed : it is a horrible thing that must be transformed into something lovely—epitomized by the term "Garden of Life" which a certain crematorium bestowed upon the plot of ground over which the ashes of the dead were scattered and wherein flowers grew. Might it not be this rejection of death as a natural phenomenon that is part of our lack of understanding of the saints other than as heroes among us, or of sanctity other than a sort of human heroism which any great general might also display?

True, the mystery of what happens when a man dies is too great for us. However, He whom we profess to be God Himself came back from the dead. And we do know also that there is an unbroken tradition both in the East and in the West that the holy people of God continue to manifest their holiness *after* their death, both by miracles and, in certain cases, by a body which does not decay. On this the Orthodox Christian is as adamant as the Roman Catholic. And anyone sincerely interested has only to start an investigation to ascertain not only the position of these two parts of the Christian church on this subject, but also to explore the examples of the living tradition for these things in both churches. We must then feel prompted to ask if the reformers might not have been wrong in utterly rejecting a living cultus of the saints just because there were flagrant and scandalous abuses tied to this

cultus—flagrant and scandalous abuses as there always have been, and always will be, tied to every good thing. Surely in St. Augustine himself—the patron of so many of the reformers and, of interest to us, the confounder of the English Pelagius—there is mention of the wonder-working power of certain saints' bodies. The amazing thing is that St. Augustine seems to take it for granted that there should be miracles when such relics were discovered. No medical forms had to be filled in, no verification of the authenticity of the illness had to be made. Although we cannot but admire the medical investigations carried on by the Roman Catholic Church at Lourdes, we do feel that many people believe in Lourdes only because of these scientific failures to explain. This is surely healthy in one sense, but it is not the kind of faith that saves, for it is belief by reason, a gift of God far inferior to that more excellent gift of faith which is, already, the presence of the Holy Ghost working in us, leading us to participate in His holiness.

The question of popular devotion to holy people is, of course, a difficult one for us puritanical, perfectionist, idealistic, Anglo-Saxons. I am myself not happy to see the clutter and crush of vendors who hawk their often ugly wares around shrines; although if one be more charitable, one might well reason that even the vendors who make a profit from cheap pious objects have—yes, even they—a right to repose in the shadow of blessing left by the saint. But I must say that I do prefer even this disgusting clutter of profiteers, when accompanied by the faith of thousands of God's people who come to pray and ask for miracles, to the quiet, faithless austerity of the saints' tombs in Anglicanism's see city. Here, where in one tiny plot lie the bodies of a number of early saints, we Anglican Christians tolerate that the tombs be used as a tourist attraction, guide and all, with no fear of the God who was manifest in those bodies which lie there. I recall the shame I, as an Anglican, felt for our damning lack of cultus of the saints upon visiting these tombs with a group of Anglicans and Orthodox. On this occasion one Russian lady from Paris—the wife of a distinguished Russian theologian—drifted to the back of our group and began to fall prostrate, cross herself and kiss each saint's grave she passed while the rest of us chatted and ate picnic lunches as the guide with unintended comedy spoke of "The noble lad, St. ———" and led us forward with tales of opening the tombs for archaeological reasons. Those who had occasion to look back at the very un-English spectacle of the foreign lady were given living bread which made the earthly food of picnic lunches lose its taste.

Our real dilemma as we try to approach any idea of a cultus of the saints lies, I think, not only in our preoccupation with merely human heroism, but also in our inability to accept death and to climb over it—to push our daily Christian faith into eternity and not remain earth-bound. American sceptics often scoff at Christianity

as preaching "pie in the sky, by and by . . ." and this accusation is often just. But the pie does not come by and by. It is now, in this moment, for God has entered human history, has worked wonders and has given us His Spirit, revealing Himself thereby to us as a Triune God: Father, Son and Holy Ghost. We are thereby now, in this moment, already caught up in the by and by. This knowledge of the Trinity and our participation in His Life is our salvation from eternal death from which we are delivered immediately, as soon as we fix our hearts and minds thereon. With it, to be sure, goes the accompanying knowledge of the mystery of the Incarnation: that God was made man of the blessed Virgin Mary and thus combined perfect humanity with perfect divinity. Conscious participation in these two divine and glorious mysteries is our birthright as sons of God and a foretaste of paradise in the here and now. Does it not stand to reason that if we truly participate in these mysteries, we shall naturally be open to the necessary manifestations of this Life which God gives us in His saints and that we shall have no fear of death which has been conquered by His Life shown forth in the Resurrection of our Lord and God Jesus Christ?

What all of us are eventually confronted with is the perennial question: "Do I believe?" Once one has admitted that Three is One—for this is the essence of the Christian mystery—one has, so to speak, "had it", for the way is open for anything so long as it be pure, lovely, of good report and true. The best thing is, of course, God Himself who does manifest Himself in His people, thereby recalling us to the basic Christian principle of incarnation. And when God lives in a person to a very full degree, unusual things do happen.

We Anglicans frequently manifest a good sense of humour and we are able to laugh at ourselves. This is good. But often we tend to try to reduce really important issues to a laughing matter. The lack of a living cultus of the saints is not an unserious matter for us. Laugh who will at relics—hairs, toenails and pigges bones—we are laughing at something which marks us as having lost part of the vital Christian tradition of both East and West. Some of us maintain that it is highly possible that there exist among the Anglicans of the past century saints whose bodies would not only work miracles, were they approached with faith, but which might even be found to be uncorrupted if disinterred. These things, however, cannot be properly approached, or even thought about, unless we are *given* the faith to believe in them. It is therefore a gift of God which we await: His action, His Life in us. Pilgrimages to holy people's tombs must come from the masses of the faithful and the sick must instinctively be brought if the tradition is to be restored. It must come from God's action in the people, in the *plebs sancti Dei* who believe that their help is in the Name of the Lord. That it will be restored some of us believe; and it is with a hope sustained by this faith, God's gift itself, that we await the fuller descent of the Dove upon the Anglican Church.

Comment

What has gone wrong at St. Faith's Mission? One's first reaction to the news of the diocesan take-over was despair and fury ; whatever the circumstances, one felt, this was a tactless and unheeding step. World attention was focussed on St. Faith's and the Anglican church itself was on trial there. One's fears were not wholly allayed by the Bishop of Mashonaland's statement to shareholders and other diocesan pronouncements. That he and Mr. van Zyl are honourable men who sincerely desire the good of the African tenants, no-one could deny (Clutton-Brock speaks of his own "great regard" for the bishop). But he not only leaves a lot unsaid—much of this is filled in by Clutton-Brock's letter to the *Church Times* of 8th January—but also says some things better left unsaid.

> "The Diocese cannot escape a great measure of moral responsibility and accountability in public estimation for projects on one of its missions and on its own land." "We are concerned with . . . agriculture for the benefit of African tenants". "We are dealing with economics and agriculture."

But they are dealing primarily with human relationships. Agriculture is better done elsewhere. St. Faith's is special for reasons other than agriculture—and benefitting African tenants, good though this is, is far less Christian than *working with* Africans in an equal partnership which has for many years been the St. Faith's achievement.

The bishop's difficulties are boundless, and for anyone here to tell him what he should do would be impertinent. Conflicts of loyalties and of personalities, anti-church feeling among those responsible for farm management and a piling-up of debts are not small headaches. But there are two other lessons which the church must learn.

One is the peculiar significance of experimental ventures such as these and their impact on world opinion. Sometimes it is better to be quixotic, incautious, unbusinesslike, to go two miles with the man who wants to go one with you—better for God's purposes—than to honour the rules of honest stewardship at any sacrifice.

The other thing is the matter of churchgoers and non-churchgoers working together—particularly in Africa where the distinction is more significant than here. Christians are converted by example, by people working alongside them whose Christian-ness is, in the long run, irresistible. There is no better, and perhaps no other, means of conversion. To seek to run the farm on Anglican lines ("Such measures as secure the the unmistakeably Anglican character of the whole thing, not only in name but in reality") may mean, apart from all else, the loss of that contact between Christian and

non-Christian, in close working association, which enriches both and changes one.

Guy Clutton-Brock writes :

> " I want to emphasise that I have done nothing since I came to England towards stimulating press reaction to recent events at St. Faith's, except for the letter I wrote to the *Church Times*. But I think your comment is a fair one and I would add two things : the concept of partnership as it was being developed was found to cut across the church's authority and one priest has said that it was this undermining of authority which was, in part, the cause of the take-over. The other is the matter of the trading loss ; surely if there is such a loss (which I dispute) the right thing would be to give the Africans *more* responsibility, not less—to say to them, look, pull yourselves together, things aren't going so well and we've got to get ourselves out of the red. To give them the semblance of responsibility and then withdraw it at the first sign of danger is to carry on the image of white supremacy and black incompetence which it should be our wish to destroy."

* * * *

The end of the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity saw a union of a number of Christian Societies that may well prove to be a milestone in our political history. Several hundred people crowded the Kingsway Hall on the Friday night to hear the Rev. Stanley Evans on the history of Christian Socialism, Tom Driberg on the Christian in Politics, and Fr. Groser on God. Each one seemed to know a lot about his subject, and prepared the way for the conference on the following day.

Saturday's meeting, after further speeches, began the serious business of amalgamation and reformation. It seemed that the various Christian Socialist groups represented were prepared to take centralisation into their systems and we had visions of bearded men in Newcastle ready to man the barricades as soon as their delegate sent word by pigeon-post. The marriage took place and nominations for the steering committee were called for. The representatives of the many societies began in comradely concord to nominate each other and one delegate was heard to remark, "Do you think I ought to propose Kingsley and F. D. Maurice?" Tom Driberg saved it from being no more than the Veterans' Race by asking for the names of a few young people.

It was obvious from the start that it would be called the Christian Socialist Movement, but we had to go through the democratic process of trying to think of alternatives. "Crusade" was defeated by the man who said it reminded him of the "most regrettable incident in the history of the Church", by which he apparently meant Harringay and not Turkey. "Christians for Common Ownership" was popular, but an old gentleman who said (and we

believed him) that he had sat on a platform with Bernard Shaw and the Webbs in 1893, carried the day by asking, "Are we Christians? Are we Socialists? Do we want to move? Then let us call ourselves the Christian Socialist Movement". And we did.

It was not really made clear where or what we were to move. Affiliation to the Labour Party was not favoured, and the speaker who said he thought we should inject some ideals into the Party was frowned upon by the Chair. Nevertheless, perhaps the nagging thought that there are some Socialists who believe on Christian grounds that Socialism is right and should not have its first principles changed because the electorate believe that life is better under the Conservatives, will draw a few eyes away from the seductive charms of Expediency. And one day we might have a Government which when it begins work on a Monday morning will not forget that it read the Lesson at Mattins the day before.

* * * *

I wonder how many *Prism* readers see the lay reader's magazine, *The Reader*. It is full of bite and vigour and editorially betrays no doubts but that the great majority of Readers find fulfilment in their lay ministry and do not regard it as the lowest rung on the ladder of the ordained ministry. I must be, once again, one of the small minority. Besides notes and well-written reviews there are sermon outlines and biblical exposition, currently by the Chaplain of Selwyn. This is serious and meaty. But I cannot find anywhere what I think I need for sermons. The gap is growing daily greater between the surprising number of people who are assimilating biblical theology—Readers in particular—and the much greater who still expect sermons to tell them about being sinners. I don't know how to tell them about this without my tongue in my cheek. Perhaps readers can help. Meanwhile preachers all could reflect on the anonymous verse sent to A. C. Headlam when he was Vicar of Welwyn.

> Teach from thy heart, not from a learned brain,
> There is a rampant Devil to be slain.
> Treasures of learning could not gird his foe,
> Jesus said meekness could alone do so.
> Think more of sinners, less about "the Church":
> Black haunts of darkness need far more research!

Jung and Christianity

Dunstan Jones, C.R.

In 1956, Dr. Philp gave us a critical account of Freud's writings on religion. He has now put us further in his debt by a work on the psychology of religion of C. G. Jung,* which pays special attention to the concept of evil in Christian theology and common Christian belief. The book consists not only of an exposition of Jung's published works—especially *A Psychological Approach to the Dogma of the Trinity* and *Answer to Job*—but also of Jung's own answer to two series of questions and quotations from letters. It therefore provides ample material for an assessment of Jung's views on this subject.

Jung, like Freud, accepts the fact that a great many determining factors in a man's life, and a great many of his potentialities, remain unconscious. For Freud, the unconscious consists of material which has been repressed as unsuitable for social manifestation, for Jung it consists even more of elements which have never yet become conscious. For both, the emotions, sentiments and inclinations are constellated in "complexes"; but while Freud regards these complexes as the result of the characteristics and experiences, for Jung there are a number of complexes, and these the most important, which are found in all men. He speaks of these as forming the "collective unconscious". Jung claims that all men have the same total possibilities: the conscious consists of possibilities which have been realised, the unconscious of those which have not. What is more, the organism strives to give expression to the unrealised possibilities, that is, to make them part of the conscious. The natural tendency of the human being is to widen the conscious till it includes all possibilities. This process is not, normally, under the control of the will. The human organism takes its own time.

Even where this has not happened, however, it is possible for a note of equilibrium to exist between the conscious and the unconscious, and the unconscious then does not make itself manifest. Where complexes are neither brought into consciousness nor unconsciously in equilibrium with it, they may show themselves in unexpected behaviour "out of character".

The important, common complexes are represented in dreams, day-dreams, literary productions and the like, in certain images which all men share. So also the processes of integration are prophesied in other characteristic images, and the attainment of relatively complete integration also has its own representation (the mandala). The putative unconscious generators of these images Jung calls "archetypes".

* *Jung and the Problem of Evil*, by H. L. Philp (*Rockcliffe*, 30/–).

According to Jung, the tendency of the psyche is to form pairs of opposites. Firstly there is the extrovert/introvert opposition, and then the masculine/feminine opposition—for where the conscious is extroverted, the unconscious is introverted; and where the conscious is masculine, the unconscious is feminine, and *vice versa*. Then there are the two pairs of opposites : thinking/feeling, ("feeling" means judging or evaluating), and sensation/intuition, (intuition is the formation of estimations of persons or situations). In Jung's view, the psyche represents itself as a quaternity, consisting of the last of these two pairs of opposites.

It is here that one begins to wonder whether Jung has not imposed a scheme of his own on the material. Must all the tendencies of the psyche stand in oppositions like this? Do thinking, feeling, sensation and intuition, exhaust all the functions of the psyche? Why should the psyche represent itself thus, and not under the oppositions of extrovert/introvert and masculine/feminine? Or why not as an ogdoad. And why is the will or tendency to action omitted? And so on.

While Jung is at pains to insist that the unconscious contains tendencies which have never become conscious, and that these are, in the long run, more important than such as have been repressed, yet it does frequently contain repressed material. Any manifestations of the repressed material, are treated as evil. But as a consequence of this, the manifestations of *any* unconscious material tend to be looked upon as evil. Compensatory, or undeveloped, aspects of the psyche when they seek manifestation, appear as evil.

Integration therefore involves the recognition in oneself of tendencies previously looked upon as evil; and involves, in a sense, a passage "beyond good and evil".

There is a danger of confusion here. The *basic* inclinations are certainly neither good nor bad. But this does not mean that the *manifestations* of them are not subject to moral judgement. Again it is true that, as a result of an over-strict education, some people wrongly regard certain tendencies as bad, whereas if accepted and rightly directed they could make for a fuller life. But this does not mean that there are not tendencies which are *not* capable of a morally permissible expression. Jung sometimes recognises these points, but more often he seems to forget them.

He particularly castigates the scholastic doctrine of evil as the *privatio boni*—the mere absence of good. He wishes to look upon evil as a positive force—though, as we shall see, the way in which he does so succeeds only in obliterating the real distinction between good and evil. He says that if evil is the absence of good, then the completely evil person must be non-existent. Philp tries to uphold the scholastic doctrine.

Both seem to be wrong. The mistake lies in identifying goodness with existence. Where this is done, plainly complete evil must be the same as non-existence, and to argue that the non-existence

consists in, and extends only to, the non-fulfilment of the thing's proper purpose, is a quibble. The doctrine of the *privatio boni* was introduced, however, to avoid implicating God in the origin of evil things; and it must be admitted that, if goodness and badness are treated as qualities, it is difficult to see how badness could be found in anything unless either God put it there or it consists in the mere absence of goodness. But the solution of this difficulty is to recognise, with recent British philosophers, that to call something "good" is not to attribute a quality to it, but to commend it as conforming to certain criteria. Where the lack of this conformity results from the free choice of free agents, it seems that God is not implicated at all. That is, the "problem of evil", as is commonly stated, has in fact arisen out of a misapprehension as to use of words like "good". This was a defect of earlier philosphies that they tended to represent logical distinctions as substantial distinctions.

According to Jung, God can only be represented to the psyche by an image (itself partly unconscious) in the psyche, which he calls the "God-image"; and this image must be limited by the limitations of the psyche itself. In fact the God-image must be, and is, of the same form as the image of the total person or "Self". Hence God must be represented as a quaternity; and one person in this must be looked upon as evil. Alternatively, since the three persons of the Christian Trinity are masculine, the fourth person must be feminine; and again, since the three persons are spiritual, the fourth must be looked upon as a principle of materiality. There is in this, as Jung recognises, a revival of the ancient identity, material-feminine-evil, which is found in many religions and sects. This leaves, however, an uncertainty as to whether it is Satan or the Virgin Mary who is the fourth member of the Godhead! It must be made absolutely clear, here, that Jung is talking about the unconscious image of God in men's minds and not about God Himself—he does not even know whether God exists. So also, when he talks of an Incarnation, he only means the idea of an Incarnation; further, he identifies Incarnation with the attainment of integration (because integration means the realization of the self-image, and the self-image is identical with the God-image).

Jung naturally looks upon the history of theology as the history of the God-image. He is therefore only interested in men's writings *about* God. He takes the Book of *Job* to be one of the most important. He says that in this book, God (that is, the God-image) was shown to have less consciousness than Job. God therefore "decided" that an incarnation was necessary. An incarnation, however, confined to the good "person" of the Quaternity. But the "bad" person—the other Son of God, Satan—must also become incarnate, before the final integration, represented by "the coming of the spirit", can be complete.

In some places Jung says that this final integration is "beyond good and evil". In other places, he not only treats the forces of evil

as real, but says, "it is plain to any unprejudiced mind that the forces of evil are dangerously near to a victory over the powers of good". As Philp asks, if God is the source of both good and evil, and if true integration means passing "beyond good and evil", what is Jung afraid of?

Jung is quite right in a sense, in holding that religious belief must rest on experience. But then he suggests that we can never get behind the experiencing person, and so can never know what comes from the person himself and what comes from outside. We can never, therefore, pass behind the God-image. He is quite unaware of the nature of religion of the Hebrew prophets with its succession: great event—interpretation—prediction based on this interpretation —fulfilment in another great event: a religion which lifts belief in God out of mere dependence on subjective experience. Like not a few other sons of the parsonage he has never begun to understand what Christianity is about; and he systematically reduces it to the same form as religions of a confessedly subjective origin. It is significant that his references to the Old Testament and to Judaism are rare indeed.

There is no doubt that a great deal can be learnt from Jung, if we look to him for information about the mind rather than about God; but it is surprising that so many Christians are oblivious to the radically anti-Christian conclusions which he draws from his investigations. Dr. Philp has done us a great service in giving us exposition of Jung's writings on the problem of evil in religion, and in pointing out its deficiencies.

First Thoughts on Convocation

They urged me to stand for convocation. I should, they said, see the finest minds of the Church at work, hear their courageous pronouncements. I should be fascinated by the quick thrust-and-parry of debate, moved by the powerful sense of a common purpose. Of course, it would come a little expensive. Four or five annual visits to London (at your own expense)—and cadging hospitality from my diminishing number of generous friends. It would be necessary too, to provide oneself with an academic gown—and, of course it was really the lunch-time discussions at which the business of Convocation was carried on. Eating would come expensive, therefore. I must find one of the Church "parties" to support my candidature, as it was well-known any sort of independency was as rare as the dodo. I should find, too, that most of my fellow-travellers were professional religious politicians—but never mind, the experience, win or lose, would be revealing.

It is—it has been. This is what happened.

I turned up at Church House, shy as a boy attending a new school, to find its changing-room filled with my seniors, all exchanging a sort of esoteric parsonical gossip. Silent in my corner I mentally removed the clerical collars and substituted secular costume. There were several judges there, I thought (hanging ones); a number of headmasters; a few company directors and at least one promoter; a couple of scientists; an actor-manager or two; and a great many of the sort of faces that fill jury-boxes.

Their academic robes and brilliant hoods lent character and dignity. For some unrevealed reason those who had medal-ribbons wore them prominently. Why? I asked; I always do, one replied: "It shows people that I am a Man as well as a cleric".

We moved off in procession, pretending not to notice the television camera, though we slowed down a bit as we passed it.

The service in Westminster Abbey finished, we adjourned for lunch (two hours), commenting as we did so on the lazy habits of building workers we observed knocking off for a cup of tea. Two o'clock found us back in our places prepared for the rigours of a number of Latin speeches which we applauded in inverse ratio to our comprehension of what was said.

We were then plunged into the business, which continues even as I write. To date certain conclusions have emerged:

(i) A certain number of us view every problem entirely in its relation to ourselves. We leap to our feet to begin "in my experience as . . ." or, "when I was . . ." and then proceed ruthlessly to share it with our audience. For us the whole activity is some kind of self-justification, a projection of ourselves as significant.

(ii) Others just like to talk. We do not wait for the flimsiest attempt at relevance; we just get up and say something.

(iii) Others—to date I am pleased to say few in number—are party politicians, manoeuvring for position. Perhaps so intensely amateur an assembly distrusts professionalism. At all events, I am happily surprised at their restraint.

(iv) Many of us retain our impartiality by staring thoughtfully at the cameramen in the gallery for the first fifteen minutes, propping chins on thoughtful hands, nodding learned heads, taking notes. Once they left the hall we relax, waking only at a nudge to vote "according to conscience" without risk that anything actually *said* should affect us.

(v) Others, and my arithmetic suggests they are large proportions of us, are just not present. This is relatively easy for the minor clergy, hard for the episcopate whose lawn sleeves make them easy marks for the observant eye.

Against this background, the business of the Church is conducted, its Canons debated, and its liturgy reformed. Here we sit, safe elderly men all, scholarly, patient, devout—with the absolute certainty that nothing of revolutionary significance can ever conceivably break through.

We were stirred it was true, by the Bishop of Lichfield's call to us to condemn anti-semitism, but regarded the Bishop of Southwark's attack on Nazies in high places in the West German Government as just a trifle dangerous. We pay lip-service to the problems of a contemporary world—but are only prepared to answer them in terms of our own experience and convictions.

For years we have debated the Canons—and when they are passed, they will be as disregarded as their earlier versions. The Bishop of Bristol could wittily comment on his own position as "characteristically episcopal: sitting on the fence, but with both ears to the ground": we however, are proudly head in air with neither ear to the ground. Indeed, there must be moments when the Holy Spirit shrugs anthropomorphic and despairing shoulders.

Now what is basically wrong? Why should Convocation not represent some of the vitality, the responses, the originality which is to be seen in the parishes of Britain (some of them). First, surely, because of its composition. Only the relatively well-off clergy have time and money for election: if it is true that the last elections have been positively revolutionary in the new men they have brought forward, I can only shudder at the thought of our predecessors.

Second, we are a law-making consultative body. This means that we usually regard it as our job to say "No". Records show no instance over the whole history of Convocation of it taking the bit between the teeth and storming away. But this is an age when the Church finds it far too easy to say "no", anyway it certainly needs no official encouragement.

Third, our "democratic" methods are an effective prohibition of any form of inspiration. "Balanced" committees, our ecclesiastical parties equally represented, sit for years and years before producing

reports that are still further whittled down until indistinguishable. What we really want is the humility and generosity which will give people freedom to get on with experiment, and give ourselves the opportunity of hearing about it afterwards. Our whole approach to the New is one of suspicion, mixed with the conviction that if the idea were really of any value we ourselves would have thought of it first.

Now it may be that this is the function of Convocation—but if it is, then surely the Assembly should be a kettle of very different fish? Let us have a kind of "House of Lords" full of ripe experience and conservative tradition—but let its membership be completely different from the Commons.

It is frankly ludicrous that the *same* clerics should sit both as "Lords" and as "Commons"—and if the membership *is* to be the same (merely to save electoral trouble), can we not find place in our ranks for the men of prophetic passion, the pioneers in experiment? Is the mind of the Church of England really represented by us, the established, the entrenched, the "No-men"?

The rest of the Convocation debated inconclusively whether playing liturgical games with dolls needed canonical approval.

ANONYMOUS.

A Dirty Name

Lately I have been haunted anew by a four-syllable place-name. HIROSHIMA. They say the accent should be on the third syllable.

Of those who took the trouble to find it, the French-Japanese film *Hiroshima Mon Amour* can have left few unmoved. Recently also one or two reviewers have noticed the appearance of a short novel by Edita Morris entitled *The Flowers of Hiroshima* (MacGibbon & Kee). By the time I had read the book and seen the film, a large part of John Hersey's famous Penguin *Hiroshima* (1946) had flashed back vividly into my mind. I renewed my determination to try to keep green the memory of that journalistic *tour de force* by enlisting young readers for it. Memories too soon fade—this is a theme of the film—and imagination tails off into incredulity and sluggishness. In this case a weakened imagination will lead to a weakened judgement. The majority of the people in any country have no effective say in the policy of government: but they can at least, if they will, know the facts and issues, think and use their imaginations about them, and above all educate their children. In how many pious Anglican households does anything like this happen?

Most people know that between 8.15 and 8.16 a.m. Japanese time, on the (Christian) feast of the Transfiguration, 1945, upwards of 100,000 human beings were seared, crushed, scorched, or roasted to death as the result of what would now be called one small make-

shift bomb. Perhaps they know too the implication of the title of Miss Morris's novel. The flowers to which she alludes are the small bouquets, each tied together and thrown into the river from time to time to float near the place where some loved one jumped in that morning. The records tell us that several thousand living torches, alight with the heat of a Sun or two, plunged in to bring their lives to an end a few moments sooner.

Most people know the basic facts. The silence of the flash—apparently none of the survivors can recall any noise of an explosion—the hideous sights, the burning and the smell, the empty seconds for some before the shock wave arrived, the prolonged howling of still living things, the deadly black rain—and then the endless running. Everyone running, running everywhere, running with nowhere to run, running till they could run no more.

It is not too hard to think of that August morning, once the effort is made. After all it has been so much publicised. But much more has been heard of those who died than of those who survived. It may be useful sometimes to spare a thought or two for that considerable multitude still living in Hiroshima, but living rather apart—apart from the society of the new arrivals, the post-bomb residents. Many of these people have a lot longer to live yet, with their scars and their sores and their deformities, their sudden recurrent sicknesses and their curious onsets of fear or instability. The new residents, those who run the new town, naturally do not like the sight of scars so repulsive; the afflicted ones mostly have to keep out of society, away from all occasions of public interest or enjoyment. Some of them, who look so ill, are taking a long, long time to die, as the radiation does its work slowly, slowly, but with the inexorable certainty of physical laws which even scientists are so far powerless to change. They are not all old, or even middle-aged. Some of them were even born on 6.8.45. There are young women of fifteen and upwards who are shrinking from marriage for fear of what might come out of their, or more likely their children's, wombs. All this and far more was and still is the result of one uranium bomb.

But the world is still bombing up. Beside today's devices the original stands almost as a toy. Still the bombers scream and whine upwards continuously loaded with the best that Science can provide. Soon the missles will follow them. Still the cry is for more nuclear arms, better nuclear arms, nuclear arms for N.A.T.O., nuclear arms for France, nuclear arms for Germany, and the independent deterrent for Britain so that she can remain Great. But it only needs about half a dozen well-aimed bombs of the best variety—whether aggressive or retaliatory, or even accidental—to make Britain so small that she will effectively cease to exist at all. What an end to the country which has never had it so good.

At any rate let us encourage the generals and the scientists—and the bishops—to keep their imaginations in good trim.

MARK TWEEDY, C.R.

Books

SAID OR SUNG by Austin Farrer
Faith Press, 16s.

Good sermons are many, great preachers are few. Nor is this surprising. James I, for instance, forced a poet to be, in a double sense, a minister of the word, but his phoenix was a great writer, not a great divine. All Donne's preaching is on a single subject, and on that as in the incredible *Death's Duell*, he speaks magnificently. His subject is his own conversion, the *exitus a morte*, deliverance from spiritual death, and he enlarges our awareness of a quality of religious experience: he does not increase our understanding of revealed truth. Temple, at another extreme, had the talent to interpret and expound the content of faith, but not the gift of creative speech. He moves the reason, not the imagination. Great preachers in fact require so many qualities of heart and mind that it is odd that we have any at all.

Just now, when the average Anglican sermon is an insult to Anglican tradition, we should hardly expect them. But with an exasperating casualness typical of the old lady, the C. of E. has produced us a preacher who is a divine, who does possess gifts of language, whose sermons bear the mark of a deep and pastoral compassion for his hearers. The most interesting thing about Dr. Farrer's *Said and Sung* is that most of the sermons in it are pastoral. They were preached in Trinity College Chapel to the young men under his care, and they bear out the good preacher's axiom that the best sermons are not set pieces for special occasions, but those preached week by week, to a known congregation. Dr. Farrer's preaching proceeds from the needs and concerns of his undergraduates, and he *teaches* within that situation. This does not mean that his sermons are limited in scope. What Farrer has to say to Trinity men has a range rather greater than that of more pontifical pronouncements. There is a sermon on *Candour* which begins with the besetting sin of undergraduates:

> "Many of you think that the academic side of your Oxford life is a game of cheating played against the dons . . . You ought surely to regard it as a Christian duty not to write your essays as though your tutor were a girl at a sherry party whom you hoped to impress, but to tell us simply and plainly what you have read and what you have not."

This and other sermons in this book is preached within the context of University life, and this is very uncommon in a University sermon. (It is significant that this volume contains one of the few modern sermons on Chastity). But Dr. Farrer does not remain within this narrow field, he proceeds to an attack on the pride of intellectual virtue:

> "The grand error about intellectual integrity is the belief that it can be achieved by limitation of view: by scrupulous care in cleaning out the moat of the ivory tower, or cultivating the hedges round a fool's paradise . . . Integrity of mind is the acknowledgement of truth."

And in doing so he discovers and displays that sin of worldliness which corrupts the sensitive and educated mind . . . a worldliness which many Christians have come to consider almost a virtue. Dives, he tells us was an expert in "gracious living", but:

> "A man who cannot understand that a dying beggar has more claim on his attention than a Chinese vase, has not solved the problem of intellectual integrity."

And he ends, as when does he not end, by directing the mind and heart to contemplation of Jesus whom he calls:

> "The truth and daylight of the world, Jesus Christ our Lord, kindled at the source from which the truth of all things always comes, cleanness from cleanness, light from light, and God from God."

This range of Dr. Farrer's, the capacity to move from the pastoral situation to the vision of truth arises from the fact that everything he has to say is rooted in and steadied by theology.

There is no double talk between his devotion and his doctrine; both are Christocentric, sacramental and precise. Dr. Farrer is a divine: and something more than the common run of divines. I once heard one of his colleagues in Oxford describe him as "our theological genius" and he went on to define "genius" as the power to illuminate, by personal and particular insight, whole areas of human reality. In the sermon called the *Villages of Heaven*, for instance, Dr. Farrer defines a common malaise of faith, a faltering in the energy of Christian love when it is confronted with a multitude of souls in need of prayer:

> "(The body of Christ) must be something to us, not to God only; yet we must confess that to us it consists of unimaginable numbers, souls no more to be counted than the sand. Tell me to pray for the living Russian and Chinese Christians, let alone the souls departed, and my heart dries completely."

In a single phrase, *the arithmetic of souls*, or again *the arithmetic of death* he defines what we knew, but had not dared to name, but no sooner has he made us realise the nature of our ill, than, taking up the familiar images for the society of Christians, the Body of Christ, the City of God, the new Israel, he turns our perception of the impersonality of number inside out: he makes it the instrument of an understanding of the life which, here, or in heaven, the Christian lives in Christ:

> "If we were granted a vision like St. John's might we not see Israel rather scattered in villages, each one a family of such an extent as most to enrich mutual friendship?
>
> "We in our villages of prayer reach out and touch the prayers of other villages, and make our act of faith in Christ, the master of all prayers; Christ who is so able to inspire all the villages of his people with the spirit of prayer, and so to unite their prayers in himself, that the whole estate of his Church is benefitted and edified."

We learn from the imagination of these villages of Israel something of the nature of the Mystical Body. In allaying our fear of number Dr. Farrer has modified the quality of our experience: it is not through argument, but through feeling and sensibility that he inducts us into theological truth. This is what I mean by *realised theology*; it is the fruit of what in poets is called *creative imagination*, the power to reimagine reality, and it is the gift which is the spring of all great art. A severe critic might rebuke Dr. Farrer for some misuse of his talent, for a tendency to baroque fantasy and artificial conceits, but whether we call it talent or genius, the gift is there, and he has taken the trouble to develop and discipline it.

This particular gift lies in the border country between the powers of a poet, and the powers of a theologian. Dr. Farrer does not need to write formal verse, though he does so with elegance, because in his work the capacity to make and remake images which Aristotle tells us marks the poet is fulfilled in his expression of theological truth. His images live in the mind, and enliven our knowledge of the religion we profess. Christ he says is that "strong swimmer in the gulf of death", God is the good in all our good "the warmth in our sunlight". This image-making power is, however, more than the ability to make striking metaphors, it is the power to see things in relationship, to see them whole, and it is worked out by diligence in the construction of the sermon and of all its parts. Not every preacher has the natural gift of poetry: and if he hasn't it is a mistake to be poetic. But any clergyman can learn from the care which has gone into the construction of these sermons, for instance from the construction of sentences. Dr. Farrer hears his sentences: he remembers that they are written to be spoken, and in fact the force of what he has to say, the wit and beauty of his sermons often arises from sheer hard work with syntax. I cannot forbear to make a comparison. Here is one of the typically invertebrate sentences of modern popular preaching:

> "What Jesus had to get them to see was this, any man who takes God seriously will not have an easy walkover, and looked at from the angle of the world he will not make a success of his life."

This is Dr. Farrer's expression of exactly the same principle:

> "Worldly Wisdom says 'Take reasonable risks', but Christ says, 'Come and be hanged'; and that is no sort of worldly wisdom.
>
> "In the flower of his youthful age, Christ went to be hanged, and he went with his eyes open, inviting his disciples if they could, to share his fate. An atheist may admire, but he will hardly envy it."

The difference between the force of these expressions lies partly in the difference between the personal and concrete, "Christ says 'Come and be hanged'", and the newspaper abstractions of "walkover", and "the angle of the world", but partly too, in the balance and articulation of the sentences. The articulation of sentences can and ought to be learned by all preachers, and perhaps even more by those engaged in designing a new prayer book, and they could do worse than take Farrer for a guide.

But I have been speaking as if Dr. Farrer's gifts were purely natural or acquired by hard work. Some of them are. But there is a vision which is of grace, and it is impossible to read these sermons without coming from them moved and ashamed. Our preachers have fallen into a bad habit of telling us about themselves, and their achievements. Only this morning I heard yet another visiting cleric tell us how he was moved to do this and that with the liturgy. This gets boring. And it is interesting to observe that when Dr. Farrer says "I" he invariably tells us something derogatory about himself, "When I made my first confession, I remember being severely rebuked . . ." When he wishes to talk of the evil of sin he says *ours*, or more often, *my* sins, but he never dwells on sinfulness. What he does do, and oh, the relief of it, is continually to talk about God, the beauty of God, the compassion of God, the patience of Christ. We begin to know the preacher's mind, and to know it not only as the mind of a great scholar, but as a mind ruled by the vision of God. He illustrates unwittingly his own statement:

> "At a level deeper than that which any science studies, Christ feeds with Himself the springs of our action. Nothing comes in from outside; when we act from the resources of divine grace, all the action, all the thought is in us; but it is Christ in us, feeding the deep root of the will; Christ giving himself to be ourself."
>
> V.P.

THE DHARMA BUMS by JACK KEROUAC. *Andre Deutsch*, 15s.

If you are one of those people who feel content and have an easy conscience in our present-day society, you will not find that this latest book by Jack Kerouac has much to tell you. The negro preacher-woman who spotted him in the crowd as one for whom there was a new field awaiting, would not pick you out. In fact, of course, you'd never have dreamt of wasting time to stop and listen to her. And even if the Lord had a new field for you, you'd be too busy to go and see to it. You would be shocked and unhappy to be told by one of these bums that:

> "You've let the world drown you in its horseshit and you've been vexed . . ."

But there might be something in what he has to say. Jack Kerouac is the originator of the phrase "the Beat Generation". He has made it clear that the word does not imply that he and those like him have been beaten by the world, that they have been crushed into submission or insanity, and driven to take refuge in a dosshouse or a Rowton house, in an asylum or a prison. Rather is the word the beginning of the word Beatific, and it seems that these bums are beginning to try to live out the beatitudes, and to struggle for a glimpse of the Beatific Vision. And this they are attempting to do, within the interstices of modern America, the kind of inferno which is hinted at in the film *The Sweet Smell of Success*. The bums have ceased to conform to this world and have begun to take seriously the job of transforming themselves in the search of truth (*Dharma*). They are highly critical of society, and yet as their feelings have led to some positive action there is a reduction in the level of that anger and bitterness which often characterises the impotent critic. They are not just

against what they find. As Kerouac says:

> "No, I want to speak out for things, for the crucifix I speak out, for the Star of India I speak out".

The Dharma Bums describes in the form of a novel, the comings and goings of two of these characters, Ray and Japhy. Their experiences range from mountain climbing and meditation and hitchhiking, to parties, drinking bouts and methods of cooking. The style of writing is irritating, yet strangely effective. The pictures conjured up were, for me, solid and colourful and with a capacity to stimulate. The language of Christian thought and feeling is not widely used. But the Buddhistic jargon is not difficult to follow and seems at times rather appropriate. It helps to express the theme of compassion which embraces a realisation and acceptance of human weakness and of the essential sadness of human experience. But it also allows for the expression of bursts of almost uncontrollable ecstasy. The way that Japhy and Ray feel about life is described as:

> "You and I ain't out to bust anybody's skull, or cut someone's throat in an economic way, we've dedicated ourselves to prayer for all sentient beings and when we're strong enough we'll really be able to do it, too, like the old saints. Who knows, the world might wake up and burst out into a beautiful flower of Dharma everywhere."

The experience of solitude and of contact with the natural world plays an important part. Two significant experiences are described on mountain tops. The first is when Ray gets stuck on a ledge, while he and Japhy are nearing the top of a mountain called Matterhorn. Ray is paralysed by the fear of falling off until he sees Japhy running down the mountain side in huge twenty-foot leaps. This incident seems to be describing a symptomatic expression of separation-anxiety and an essential reassurance is conveyed in the realisation that you can't fall off a mountain (that is, one might add, unless you want to). After the friends have separated Ray goes up to a mountain called Desolation where for two months he is alone, officially employed as a fire look-out over vast stretches of mountain and forest. His thought and meditation is fruitful and when he comes down he expresses himself in a strangely personal way saying:

> "God, I love you. I have fallen in love with you, God; take care of us all, one way or the other".

Such language and experience is reminiscent of certain popular religious sects in Bengal, who call themselves "Baul". Rabindranath Tagore describes them as illiterate and uneducated folk who pass from village to village, singing and playing on their one-stringed instruments. They live outside social recognition and their obscurity helps them in their earnest search for enlightenment. One of their songs goes:

> "Where shall I meet him, the man of my heart?
> He is lost to me and I seek him
> Wandering from land to land."

It is surprising to find these highly sophisticated Americans coming so close in thought and feeling to the Bengali wanderers. The common ground would seem to be this refusal to be conformed to the ways of the world and to be urgently seeking to hear the voice of the divine lover. There seems to be a common need to go beyond the orthodox formulations and assurances and to find out for themselves whether their existence is desired and has meaning. Another song goes:

> "I stop and sit here on the road.
> Do not ask me to walk farther.
> If your love can be complete without mine
> Let me turn back from seeing you".

But there is no need to turn back for the divine love is seeking out everybody. Among those who seem to have realised this are the loafers after truth, or the Dharma Bums.

W.H.A.

Correspondence

LITURGY

Dear Sirs,

Many thanks to G. C. Darton for his witty and provocative *Open Letter to a Vicar* in January. It seems, however, that most of the liturgical innovations which this hypothetical clergyman has introduced, and to which the writer of the letter objects, are designed to meet a practical need which he never mentioned, and to which we should all be giving serious thought.

For it was the intention of the writers of the *Book of Common Prayer* that every English Churchman and Churchwoman should attend four Services every Sunday, (that is, Morning Prayer, Litany, at least the first part of the Holy Communion and Evening Prayer). Now, however, it is generally agreed that for various reasons the majority of them cannot be expected to come to Church more than once on a Sunday. And since most Christians would agree that the most important Service must be the one our Lord Himself ordained, there is growing up all over the country in Parishes of many shades of Churchmanship the tradition of the *Parish Communion*, the *Family Eucharist* or the *Parish Mass*, as the main service, that takes place between 9 and 10 a.m. every Sunday.

And while there are obvious reasons why this is a good thing, it has nevertheless certain snares, of which the chief seems to be that by the standards of the Prayer Book, the New Testament and the Primitive Church, this provides a most inadequate and unbalanced spiritual diet. For, as the Archbishop of York in his *Durham Addresses* observes as the result of the Parish Communion there is growing up in our midst a generation of Churchmen the majority of whom never sing a Psalm or a Canticle and never hear the Old Testament read and expounded to them. That is why it would seem highly desirable to include a whole Psalm at some place in the Liturgy (the First English Prayer Book provides an excellent selection) together with a well chosen lesson from the Old Testament. There is no reason why this should be any more obscure or apparently irrelevant than some of the Liturgical Epistles.

Yours very sincerely,

HITCHIN. MICHAEL B. C. SCOTT.

ADULTERY AND CRIME

The following is an extract from a letter received by the Editors.

Scholars are expected to check their facts before commenting on them. Christians are expected not to make false accusations. It is therefore distressing that an intelligent and Christian journal such as *Prism* should once again criticise the Archbishop of Canterbury for something he did not say. *Prism* (January, 1960) comments that the Archbishop's remark "that adultery might well be made a crime" is "peculiar" not for its "impracticality" so much as because the Archbishop "cannot have realised quite how impractical it is". Quite apart from the interesting question of whether the comment is intelligible, the fact is he did *not* say that adultery might well be made a crime. What he did say was:

> "I found with interest and great approval that Bishop Hensley Henson believed that adultery ought to be made a criminal offence, as being a private act between two persons and yet of such a severe social character and so full of danger to the society that it ought to be made a crime. Certainly the immense danger that adultery does to the public welfare in broken homes and to the children of broken marriages does constitute a grave social danger; and I think there ought always to be in the public mind the question, 'Has adultery become such a public menace that the time has come when it ought to be made a criminal offence?' "

As I understand His Grace's remarks, he was provoking the public to recognise how widespread adultery is becoming (indeed affecting "so many politicians, dons, diplomats, financiers, etc.") and asking whether we are content to leave the position as it stands.

Aesop's Baeshops

There lived in the marshes that border the *Tamesis* upon its Southern shore a company of frogs. Their croaking has no equal throughout the land for its variety and noise. Some croaked high and some croaked low, and all of them croaked whatever came into their heads. There was but one catch that they could sing in unison, "God send us a strong prince"; and indeed it was a song that frogs throughout the realm chanted with one accord. Now their prince was old; and though he had for many years assayed to bring concord to their choruses, and went about rebuking those who were froward, certain stiff-necked frogs, when his eye was not upon them, continued to sing in the way that they were wont.

Not but what the frogs at the top of the scale averred that they would always follow their conductor, who was the viceroy of God. And thus it befell that when the day came for a new conductor to be elected (for I would have you know that, as with the *Muscovites*, the frogs always elect their own conductor), all the frogs looked to the Ruler of that land to send them a princely conductor whom they might elect.

The Ruler of the Land did as they begged, and sent unto them *Prince Stock*. Now indeed, said the frogs, croaking with much joy, our harmony and order will be perfect. And the frogs at the top of the scale chortled amongst themselves, for they knew that of late *Prince Stock* had looked favourably upon their line; (though Rumour told how in the West Country he had let his lowest frogs croak in company with toads and other vile reptiles).

So the Prince came into that land, and all the frogs croaked a joyful welcome. And the frogs at the bottom of the scale rejoiced, for, they said, Now we shall truly sing in brotherly concert; and the frogs next above them rejoiced also, For, they said, Now we shall maintain our chorus as it was establish'd; and the frogs next above them (who were inclined to be high) also gave thanks, For, said they, Now we can sing the songs our Fathers in their generation devised; and those at the top of the scale, and those also who were so high that they did not fit into the scale, rejoiced likewise to find so godly a Prince.

Then the Prince went throughout the plantation, into every coign and cave thereof, bidding the frogs sing together according to the fore-ordained melodies which the Gods had of yore bestowed upon them. Moreover, he cry'd, let those who would sing other songs sing elsewhere. And he stalk'd through his principality, waving the great stick wherewith conductors rule, belabouring the dissident frogs with his strong left arm, bidding them begone or behave. Alas, they said, uttering a great cry so that all in that realm could hear, Who will rid us of this turbulent prince? And the Gods laughed them to scorn, saying, Is this not what you asked for?

A Moral: Too many cooks spoil the stock.